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David Winter was a good-hearted, well-meaning little boy, perhaps wise beyond his years.

"Miss Burch, did you not never get a valentine?" he said on the occasion with more good will than grammar.

"No, I don't think I ever did," said Miss Burch, taking a pin out of her mouth.

"Well, now, that's too bad, and you such a nice little woman, too. What were all the fellows thinking of?"

"Not of me, evidently, Davy. But thank you for the compliment."

"Oh, you're welcome. But really it is too bad. Why, I'll wager my sister Gus gets twenty this very day."

"What are you bothering Miss Burch for, Davy?" it's nearly school time.

"Not a bit," answered the little dresser-maker.

"But it's time for you to go to school," insisted Augusta, who did not fancy boys in the way.

"It isn't for half an hour yet. But I'll go off if you're so particular."

Master David marched out in high dudgeon.

"Gus is as funny as the dickens," he gumbled. "And I'll wager she gets a whole load of valentines, and nice little Miss Burch not one."

"I'll tend to it myself. I can write nice enough, and she shan't have one of them comic things. I'll—oh, I know what I'll do."

He dashed into his uncle David's room without waiting to rap—little David knew he was a privileged character with big David—and began:

"Uncle, please write me a valentine quick!"

"What do you want with a valentine?"

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Tom Thumb wears the same size of underclothing as a child, six years old, and buys twelve suits at a time.

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Little David's advice was good, and so down walked Uncle David to the library to take it.

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"But I was," said he; "you are a dear little woman, and you just suit me. Are you going to say yes?"

Miss Burch decided that she was, and the end of it was that nobody had the least reason to regret little David's Valentine.

The Land of Oranges.

The State of Florida raised this year over 50,000,000 oranges, and this was a short crop.

The next best is the Hart grove, at Palatka, which has 700 trees. The first is worth \$10,000, and yields 350,000 oranges, worth on the trees \$15 a thousand.

The crop this year (a short year), sold for \$4,000 on the trees. The Hart grove is worth \$60,000, and yields about 80,000 a year.

The only reason that the oranges are so valuable is that the trees are about forty years old, and in full bearing.

Now, Mr. Markham, at Atlanta, has near the Speer grove, with its 680 trees, a grove of 600 young trees just "coming in," as they call it.

His son, Marcellus, has 2,000 trees, of which only 600 are bearing, and Judge Hayden a grove of 2,000 trees just bearing their first fruit.

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A Veteran Conductor's Confession.

A reporter met an old railroad conductor yesterday, and was surprised to hear that he had been discharged.

"Yes," he said, "the old man side-tracked me."

"What for?"

"Well, I suppose he thought I had too much money."

"Yours or his?" And he laughed.

"You remember I began working for the X. Q. Road in 1865, at the close of the war."

From \$50 a month I was gradually raised to \$100. The other day, a 'chad man' (the Superintendent) found out that I owned and was paying taxes on \$12,000 or \$15,000 worth of property.

He offered to keep me if I would 'restitute,' but I said I guessed I had railroaded about long enough."

"How did you save all that money in fifteen years from a salary of \$600 increased gradually to \$1,200 a year?" And he laughed again.

As I'm out of the business now and kind of like railroad companies, I don't mind explaining the commandment. I'll hold up my hand, though, and swear I always accounted for every passenger I ever carried.

But I watered 'em—watered the company like its Directors water the stock. And I did it this way: You see, every year the President and general officers issue an unlimited number of annual passes.

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"Oh, you're welcome. But really it is too bad. Why, I'll wager my sister Gus gets twenty this very day."

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"Uncle, please write me a valentine quick!"

"What do you want with a valentine?"

"Oh, I know. I'll send it. You just write one, a regular good one, won't you?"

"I suppose I can," drawing a sheet of paper towards him. "What shall I write?"

"Oh, you know. Write like you was asking her to have you, ain't that the way? You know how to get up. Bogie, 'Dear Miss, don't you? And—oh, I don't know, but you do.'"

Thus adjured Uncle Davy, to humor his pet boy's nonsense, took the paper, and wrote:

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